



\$2.99 #22

Nodwick

PHANTOM of the WAY, WAY OFF-BROADWAY MUSICAL



THE SCOTTISH PLAY THEATER



AARON WILLIAMS
Author, Director



CRISTI WILLIAMS
Editor, Composer

presents:

"PHANTOM OF THE WAY, WAY OFF-BROADWAY MUSICAL"

*"A significant work of passion,
comedy, and amazingly dim people."*

- Prince Elmore

*"This play is to romance as sleep is
to conversation."*

- Master West, Cartographer

*"As a painting is worth a thousand
words, this play is worth a thousand
paintings, not counting the theater
backdrops."*

- Lord Chumley



*"While the play is indeed a tour de
force, the theater's Haggis-on-a-Stick
is not to be missed."*

- Earl of Stackpole, Gourmand

SHOWTIMES:

Evening Performance	7:30
Saturday Matinee	2:30

*Showtimes contingent on
weather and threat of plague.*



This production nominated for three King Tony awards!
Best Musical • Best Director • Best use of Skeletal Remains

Nodwick

BY AARON WILLIAMS

The
Racing
Hart

THIS
IS WHERE
SHE IS?

AS OF A FEW DAYS AGO,
YES. I SAW HER HERE, AND I WAS ABLE
TO GET THE SENSE THAT SHE WAS IN DANGER.
I WAS TOO BUSY GUIDING NITWICK TO
GET MANY DETAILS.

AND A
GOOD JOB YOU DID
OF IT, SIR!

LET'S SEE
WHICH ROOM
SHE'S IN.

ONE INNKEEPER LATER...

WHADDYA
MEAN, "SHE'S NOT
HERE?"

THE SAME THING I
MEAN BY "MISS ROWEN IS
GONE, DEPARTED, VANISHED, UP-
AND-VAMOOSSED, AND GOOD
LUCK FINDING HER."

DID YOU
SEE WHICH
WAY SHE WENT
WHEN SHE
LEFT?

SHE WENT THE WAY OF ALL CHEAP GUESTS: OUT
UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT WITHOUT PAYING.

APPARENTLY, SHE WAS IN A BIG
ENOUGH HURRY THAT SHE SMATTERED A SIDE
DOOR ON HER WAY OUT. I DON'T THINK MY
RATES ARE THAT UNREASONABLE.

SHE BROKE
A DOOR?

SMASHED IT RIGHT IN.
THEN SHE LEFT, APPARENTLY. SHE DID IT IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

DON'T YOU THINK THAT
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING MADE
OFF WITH HER?

I DOUBT IT. PEOPLE WILL FIND ALL
KINDS OF WAYS TO AVOID HOTEL FEES THESE DAYS.
THANKFULLY, SHE DIDN'T STEAL THE TOWELS.

CAN YOU
SHOW US WHICH
DOOR WAS SHE
RUDE TO?

OUTSIDE...

THERE, YOU SEE?
I THREW IT ON THE
WOODPILE TO USE FOR
KINDLING.

WOW. I'VE SEEN ROWEN
MAD BEFORE, BUT I DIDN'T THINK
SHE COULD DO THAT.

HMM...


I'M GETTING YICKY-
UNDEAD EVIL RESIDUE READINGS
OFF OF THIS DOOR. AND THERE'S
BITS OF SOME KIND OF SLIMY-
STUFF ON IT, TOO.

IT LOOKS
LIKE NECROMANTIC
GOD. ANY CHANCE YOU
CAN TELL WHERE IT
WENT?

THE CLOSEST
SOURCE OF EVIL
SEEMS TO BE IN THAT
DIRECTION TOWARDS
THE FOREST.

OH, THAT. YOU'RE
POINTING TOWARDS THE CAIRN
OF URGHA-SPILAT.

WHAT'S
THAT?



'TIS AN OLD
MOUND MADE UP OF
THE BONES OF MEN AND
MONSTERS. A GREAT
BATTLE TOOK PLACE
THERE.

IT WAS SO
LONG AND BLOODY
THAT NO ONE REALLY WON.
THE SURVIVORS JUST HEAPED THEIR
DEAD AND BURIED 'EM. IT'S SAID
THAT THEIR SPIRITS ACHIE TO FIGHT
THE WAR THAT WAS NEVER
WON. IT'S A CURSED
PLACE.

SOUNDS
LIKE FUN.

WE'VE
GOT NOTHING
BETTER TO
GO ON.

AND IT'S
HALF PAST TIME
WE DID SOMETHING
FOOLHARDY,
BESIDES.

LET'S
GO!

OUR HEROES BRAVE THE FOREST...

UM, ART? CAN I
ASK A FAVOR?

SURE, WHAT
IS IT?

WELL, I HAVEN'T
SEEN ROWEN FOR A LONG
TIME, AND WHEN I DO, I
WANT TO MAKE A GOOD
IMPRESSION.

A MAGICAL
IMPRESSION, I
TAKE IT?

YEAH, SOMETHING
TO HELP HER. FIND ME
MORE ATTRACTIVE?

WHOA, THERE.
THOSE "ENLARGE"
SPELLS THAT YOU SEE
ADVERTISED EVERYWHERE
ARE DUBIOUS
AT BEST...

NO, NO,
NOT ONE OF THOSE.
JUST SOMETHING TO
MAKE ME, I DUNNO... A
SMOOTH TALKER,
MAYBE?

HMM. I MIGHT HAVE JUST THE THING. I'VE GOT THIS SCROLL OF THESPIA. IT'S SUPPOSED TO HELP OUT WITH PROBLEMS INVOLVING PUBLIC SPEAKING, ACTING, THAT SORT OF STUFF... I THINK.

HEY, I'M DESPERATE. LAY IT ON ME.

MINUTUS CANTORUM.
MINUTUS BALORUM. MINUTUS
CARBORATA DESCENDUM
PANTORUM.

WELL?

I DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT.

HUH. MAYBE THE
"CAST-BY" DATE ON THIS THING
HAD EXPIRED.

ARE WE TAKING A BREAK?
I COULD SURE USE ONE.

YES, LET'S
REST FOR A FEW
MINUTES.

YEAGAR, THIS
MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME
TO TELL US A LITTLE BIT ABOUT
THIS LADY WE'RE HELPING
YOU TO FIND. HOW DID
YOU MEET?

WELL, IT WAS
SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

Once I had a gal, and she was so fine,
 Soon tried my best to be makin' her mine.
 Seemed to go well, but I was so wrong,
 Wish I knew why I was singing this song."



Knew Aer for years, but never said
 How she drove me right outta my head.
 Loved from afar, I hoped she would see
 That she meant more than the world to me.

"You're such a friend," is all I ever heard from Aer until the day,
 When she finished training and she went away,
 And that's the second I found out that all is good
 For forgetting about women.



Rosen was a beauty, drove me berserk,
 After she left, I became a big jerk.
 Did lotsa boozin', helped me forget
 The prettiest gal I ever done met.



Killed lotsa things, went on a lot of quests for anyone who paid,
 Found a wizard and a cleric to go with my blade,
 And some guy to carry stuff...
 Yeah I was good, just getting by without Aer...

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh, whoa.
 Ooooooooooooooooooooooh, whoa.

I didn't need love, or so I believed,
 Soon found out I was belin' deceived.
 Heard that she might be in a real stew
 So here I come, ridin' to the rescue.

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooh, whoa.
 Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooh, whoa.



"SUNG TO THE TUNE FROM
 "HEART OF GLASS" BY BLONDIE.





THE UNDEADLY NASTINESS
DEFINITELY WENT IN THERE.

AND THE
SUN'S GOING DOWN. THIS
MIGHT NOT BE THE
BEST TIME.

WE HAVE
TO AT LEAST SEE
IF SHE'S HERE.
COME ON!

THE EVIL IS
GETTING REALLY
THICK, GUYS

MERLIN'S
MOLEHUR, WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?

IT LOOKS LIKE...

THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BONES!
THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BOOOOOONNNES!*

*SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "WE BUILT
THIS CITY" BY JEFFERSON STARSHIP

HEY, I DON'T KNOW HIM, OR RECOGNIZE HIS GRIN, BUT THIS CAME FROM A HUMAN; AN ARROW DID HIM IN.
KNEE-DEEP IN THE FEMURS, WALKIN' 'MONGST THE DEAD, HOPIN' MY LATE FRIEND HERE DOESN'T MISS HIS HEAD.

THE CEILING'S MADE FROM CORPSES, WALLS OF SKULLS INSTEAD OF STONES! ISN'T IT MACABRE?
THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE, THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BONES!
BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BONES!
BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BONES!



SOMEONE TOOK THIS GRAVEYARD,
AND PLAYED WITH THE REMAINS.
HUMAN, ORC AND WHAT-NOT. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN INSANE.
IF ROWEN'S REALLY IN HERE, I HOPE SHE'S STILL INTACT.
CLIZ SHE'S IN THE CLOSING NUMBER FOR OUR FINAL ACT!
DANCIN' ON STIFFS AND RE-MAINS, SINGIN' WHILE THE SPIRITS
MOAN! ISN'T IT SO GOTHIC?
THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE FROM
LOTS OF BONES!

BUILT THIS TEMPLE...
THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE
FROM LOTS OF BONES!
BUILT THIS TEMPLE...
THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE
FROM LOTS OF BONES!

IT'S JUST ANOTHER DUNGEON, WITH SOME NEW DECOR.
SAVIN' YEAGAR'S GIRLFRIEND (*whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh*) TO A MUSICAL SCORE!

WHO BUILT THIS GREAT HALL FROM THE ANCIENT DEAD?
IS IT THE FIEND WHO KIDNAPPED ROWAN FROM HER BED?
WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND OUT, TO SOLVE THIS EVIL PLOT
AND IF NEED BE TO SET HER FREE, NODWICK CAN DIE A LOT!

WE SING TO DEAD WITHOUT NUMBER, AS WE JOURNEY
INTO PARTS UNKNOWN! ISN'T IT DISTURBING?
THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS TEMPLE
FROM LOTS OF BONES!

BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS
TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BONES!
BUILT THIS TEMPLE... THEY BUILT THIS
TEMPLE FROM LOTS OF BONES!





THAT'S
OLITE A
SPELL

INDEED. LET'S
COMPLETE OUR
RECONNAISSANCE
BEFORE IT KICKS
IN AGAIN.

YEAH, WE
SHOULD FINISH
LOOKING AROUND,
TOO.

DEEPER IN THE BONY CATHEDRAL...

IS THAT HER?

YEAH!
I THINK SHE'S
STILL ALIVE!

WHO'S THAT
WITH HER?



HE
LOOKS VAGUELY
FAMILIAR...



WE'VE
BEEN MADE!

HEY, IT'S THE EVIL-WARRIOR-
GUY WHO USED TO HANG OUT WITH THE EVIL-WIZARD-
GUY AND EVIL-CLERIC-GAL!

WE REALLY
NEED TO GET
THEIR NAMES THE
NEXT TIME WE
SEE THEM.

I THOUGHT
HE WAS DEAD. WHAT
GIVES?



LOOK
OUT!

KABLANGO!

OH, FIDDLY-
POO! I THINK HE HAS
THAT GAUNTLET-TOY
YOU USED TO HAVE,
YEAGAR.

OOF, I
DIDNT REALIZE IT
PACKED SUCH A
BIG PUNCH.

YOU WERE NEVER
ON THE RECEIVING END
OF IT BEFORE.

FOR SOMEONE
WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE
DEAD, HE SURE SEEMS TO
GET AROUND.

BUT HOW? I
MEAN, IF YOU GUYS SAW
HIM DIE...
DO ANY OF YOU
HEAR MUSIC?

OH, NO...



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, I'M THE ONE
BLACKIN' OUT THE SUN
TO DESTROY EVERYONE!*

RUN YOU THROUGH,
TURN THE SCREW,
HOPE YOU LIKE THE VIEW
AS YOUR BODY'S UNDONE!

KEEP THE EVIL FLOWIN',
FILLING ME UP WITH MIGHT,

I'M THE KNIGHT
BORN IN BLIGHT,
THIS MIGHTY HAND,
WILL SCAR THE SKY AND BURN THE LAND!

BACK FROM THE DEAD, FELT LIKE LEAD,
FOUND MY MIND HAD FLED,
SO THEY USED YEAGAR'S INSTEAD!

FROM THE GLOVE, HIS THOUGHTS OF LOVE,
ROWEN LIKE A DOVE,
RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD!

HAD TO FIND THIS WOMAN,
SEARCHING ALL DAY AND NIGHT!



*SUNG TO THE TUNE "ENTER SANDMAN"
BY METALLICA

I WILL FIGHT
EARN THE RIGHT
TAKE COMMAND,
NOW LET'S HEAR MY UNDEAD BAND!

QUICK! WE'VE GOT
TO GET TO ROWAN WHILE HE'S IN THE
BRIDGE OF THE SONG!

WHAT?
WHY US?



BECAUSE IT'S
WHAT WE DO. WE'RE
HENCHMEN. HE WON'T
NOTICE US.

BUT, I--

PSST! ROWEN!
HOW DO WE GET YOU OUT
OF THIS THING?

WHO ARE--?
NEVERMIND. I DON'T
KNOW. HE'S GOT SOME KIND
OF POWER OVER DEAD
THINGS. THIS THRONE JUST
SPRANG UP WHEN HE
WAIVED HIS HAND.

BY THE WAY,
WHY IS HE SINGING?
I MEAN, HE COULD BARELY
GRUNT OUT TWO
WORDS BEFORE...



LONG STORY, SAY.
THESE BONES...
THEY BELONGED TO A
HENCHMAN.

THEY PROBABLY
WORKED FOR THE GUYS WHO
FOUGHT HERE. YECCH. I TRY TO
AVOID WAR AT ALL COSTS. IT'S
DANGEROUS.

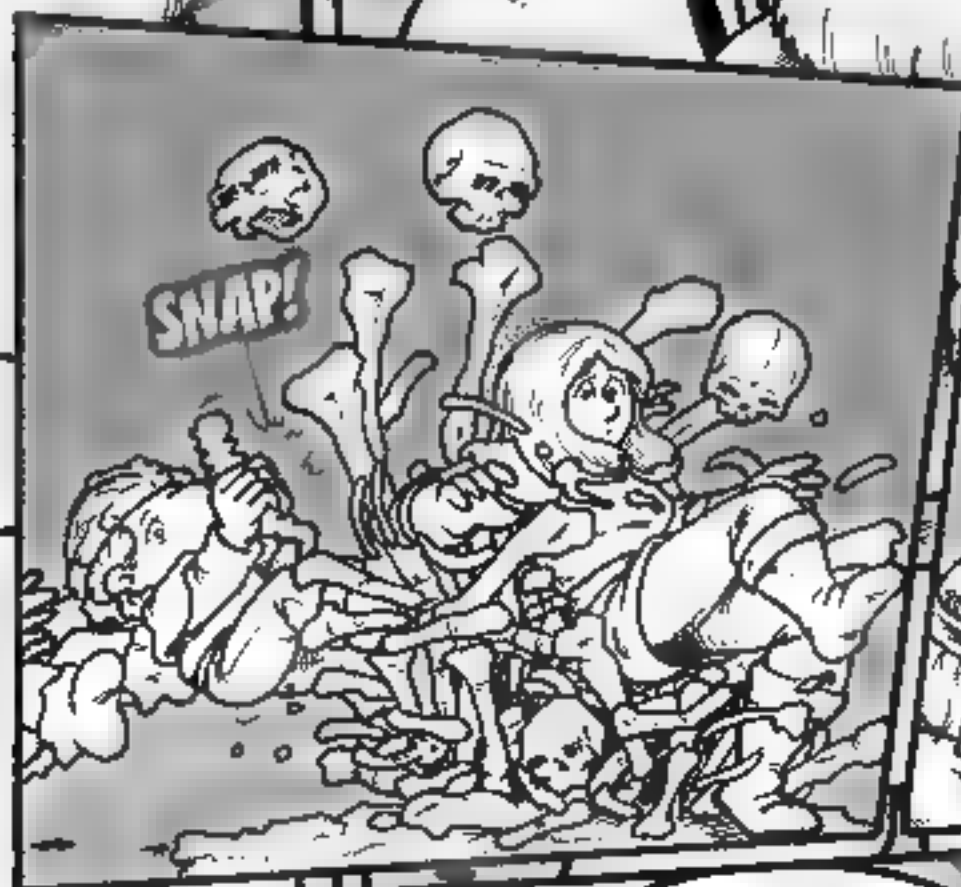
IF THESE
BONES ARE USED
LIKE HENCHMEN ALWAYS
ARE, THEN THEY'RE PROBABLY
WHAT HOLDS EVERYTHING
TOGETHER HERE. HELP
ME PULL...



HUSH LITTLE HEROES, DON'T EVEN TRY,
IF YOU DO THEN YOU WILL DIE.
LEAVE THE GIRL ALONE WITH ME
AND AVOID ENDLESS AGONY!

DON'T GET UPTIGHT,
LEAVE MY SIGHT,
SHE'S WITH ME,
TO BE MINE FOR ETERNITY!

WE'RE ALL RIGHT
WITH COPYRIGHT!
PARODY!
KEEPS THE LAWSUITS FAR FROM ME!





UH-OH

WHAT
ARE THEY DOING
HERE?

OKAY, WHY
HAVE WE STOPPED? BIG
UGLY UNDEAD GUY IS STILL
BEHIND US.

WELL, WELL.
LOOK WHO TURNED
UP.

IF WE CAN
GET OUR PARTNER
BACK AND RID OURSELVES OF
YOU, SO MUCH THE
BETTER.



HEY, HOW DID
YOU FIND US? I THOUGHT
WE BROKE THAT ORB OF
OMNISCIENCE THING!

WELL, IT'S
VERY SIMPLE.

WHAT'S THAT...
MUSIC?

EVERY TIME YOU FIGHT,
HIGH NOON OR MIDNIGHT,
EVERY JOY OR PEIGHT,
EVERY WRONG OR RIGHT,
I'LL BE SCRYING YOU.

YOU THOUGHT THE GOD WAS GUT,
BUT I GOT LOTS OF CLUNT,
EVEN WITH THE FALLOUT,
I SEE WHAT'S ABOUT,
I'LL BE SCRYING YOU!

I CAN STILL SEE,
THOUGH IT IRRITATES ME,
THE VISIONS WEREN'T SO CLEAR,
BUT THEY LED ME HERE!

*SUNG TO THE TUNE, "EVERY BREATH
YOU TAKE" BY THE POLICE.



BUDDY, YOU'RE A PAIR NOT PLAYIN' FAIR
DONT EYL DEEDS 'N TAKIN' ALL OUR FRIENDS AWAY
BUT YOU GOTTA STOP,
THE HAMMER WILL DROP,
WE'LL FINISH YOU OFF WITH A BUCKET AND MOD!

WE WILL, WE WILL
THUMP YOU!
WE WILL, WE WILL
THUMP YOU!



WE'VE RUN INTO YOU,
TIME AND A-GAIN,
WE'RE GOING TO END IT,
AND BRING YOU THE PAIN!
LORD BAPHUMA'AL
WANTS YOU TO GO
AND WE'RE HERE TO
MAKE CERTAIN
YOU DON'T SEE
THE END THE SHOW!

AND WE
MEAN TO BE
EVIL,
EVIL,
EVIL,
EVIL,
EVIL!

WE ARE THE VILLAINS, MY FRIENDS!
AND WE'LL BE VICTORIOUS,
IN THE END!
WE ARE THE VILLAINS,
WE ARE THE VILLAINS,
WE STEP ON KITTENS,
'CUZ WE ARE THE VILLAINS
OF THE WORLD!



*SUNG TO THE TUNE "WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS" BY QUEEN



*SUNG TO THE TUNE
"STAND" BY REM

CLIMB UP THE WALLS MADE OF BONE
THIS PLAN'S THE BEST!

THINK ABOUT YOUR LIFE AND LIMB
WE SHOULD LEAVE WHILE THE
GETTING IS GOOD!

THE UNION
SHOULD'VE KEPT
YOU, LET YOU STAY
HOME,
BUT I NEED YOU
NOW, CAN'T DO THIS
ALONE!

THIS HENCHMAN
SPINE, GRAB HOLD
OF IT TIGHT,
AND HELP ME TO
PULL, WITH ALL YOUR
MIGHT!

YOUR BUTTS ARE DEAD!
GONNA SQUISH 'EM FLAT!
WE'LL USE YOUR FACES
FOR OUR DOORMAT!

WE'RE TELLIN' YOU,
YOUR DAYS ARE DONE!
GONNA KICK YOU WHERE
THERE IS NO SUN!

BRING IT ON, BRIN! IT ON,
AV THE SMACK DOWN, TO-NIGHT!

I'M GIVIN' YOU
A SPELL FULL BLAST,
GONNA FRY YOUR BRAINS,
YOU'VE BEEN OUTCLASSED!

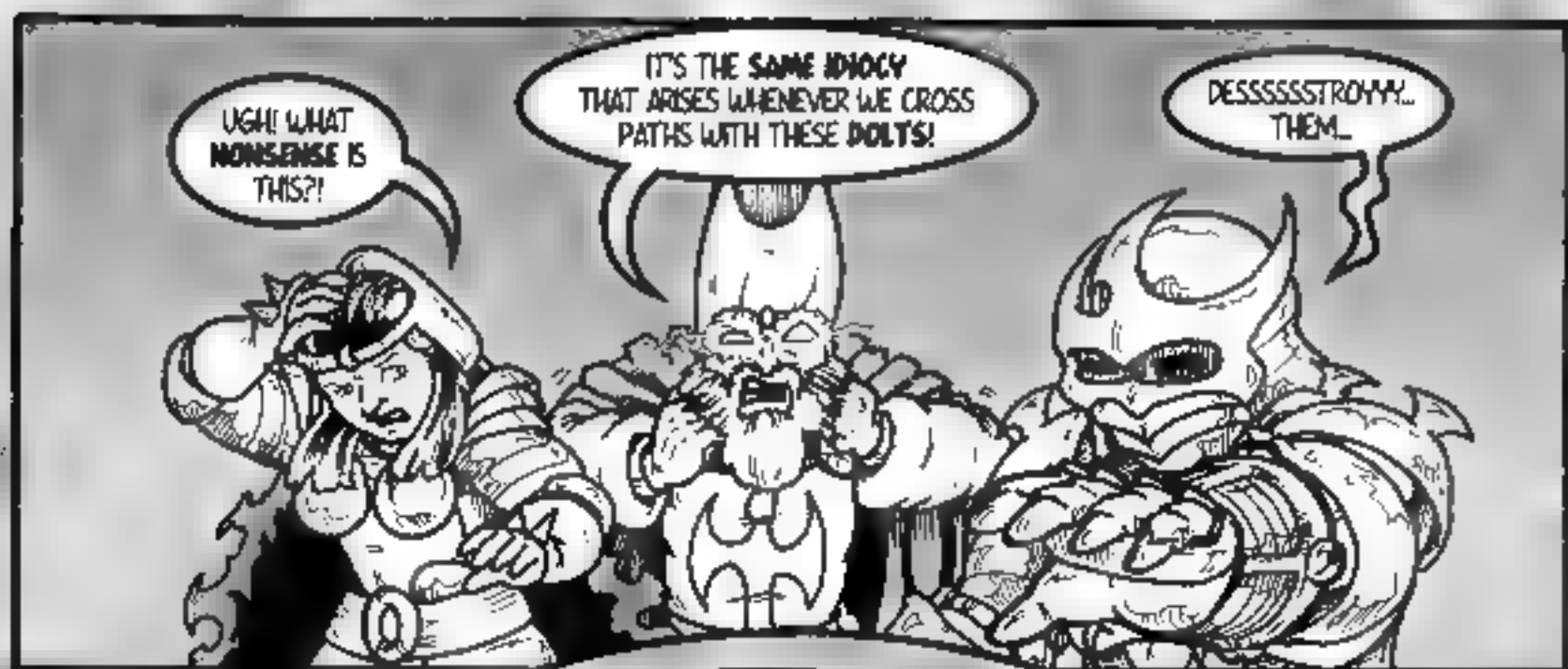
I'M SLASHIN' YOU
MY BLADE'S SO FINE,
CUT LIKE BUTTER
RIGHT THROUGH YOUR SPINE!

WELL YOU SAY YOU WANNA FIGHT US
AND THAT'S JUST FINE BY ME,
WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH YOUR SAD BUTT
YOU'LL BE A MEMORY!

BECAUSE YOU'RE FRAGGED, YOU'RE FRAGGED!
YOU KNOW IT!
FRAGGED FRAGGED, REALLY REALLY FRAGGED!
YOU'RE FRAGGED, YOU'RE FRAGGED!
YOU FEEL IT!
FRAGGED FRAGGED, REALLY REALLY FRAGGED!

AND THE WHOLE FIGHT'S COMIN' DOWN TO IT NO
WHO'S THE VICTOR AND WHO GOES SPLAT!
WHO'S FRAGGED!

*SUNG TO THE TUNE "BAD" BY MICHAEL JACKSON



WATCH OUT! WE'RE YANKING ON THE RAFTERS,
LOOSENING UP WHAT HOLDS IT ALL TOGETHER.
PULLING ON A HENCHMAN'S SPINE,
BRIDGING DOWN THE HOUSE!

IT'S A GOOD THING THE HOUSE IS OLD AND WEAK
AND THAT THE KING IS OLD AND WEAK.

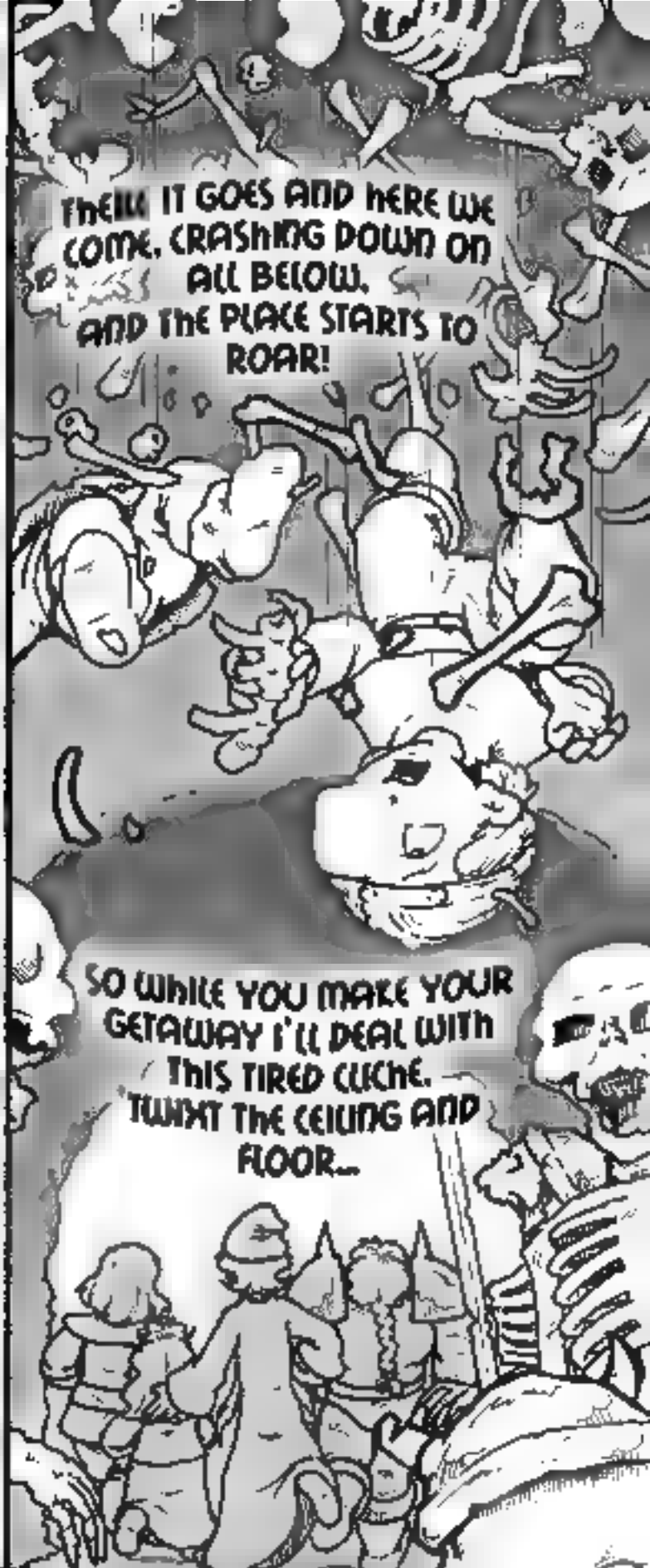


*SUNG TO THE TUNE "BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE" BY TALKING HEADS.

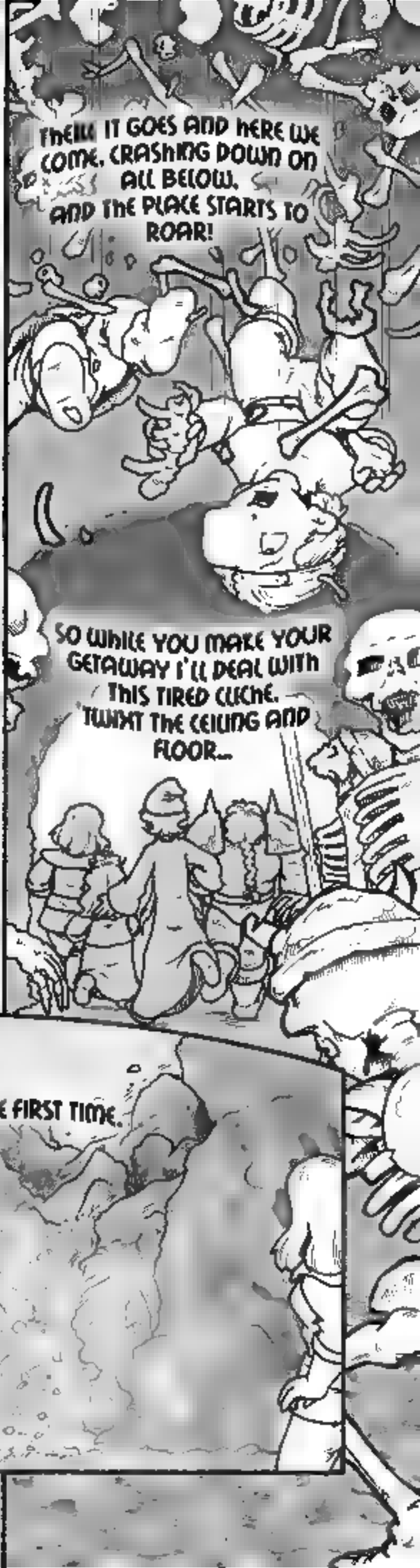
OH, NO! DODWICK AND DITWICK PERISHED!
SO WHAT? IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S THE FIRST TIME.
THEY WERE EXTRAORDINARY GUYS...
BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE.



THEM IT GOES AND HERE WE
COME, CRASHING DOWN ON
ALL BELOW.
AND THE PLACE STARTS TO
ROAR!



SO WHILE YOU MAKE YOUR
GETAWAY I'LL DEAL WITH
THIS TIRED CLICHE.
TUNKT THE CEILING AND
FLOOR...



BEFORE ANYONE ELSE
STARTS SINGING, I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND ME, BUT
THANK YOU FOR THE RESCUE.

WELL,
I—

AND THIS IS FOR LETTING AN UNDEAD
HORROR GET A HOLD OF YOUR BRAIN! YOU'RE DANG LUCKY
IT LET ME CHANGE INTO MY CLOTHES BEFORE IT KIDNAPPED
ME, OR I'D REALLY BE TICKED!

KEEP IT
IN YOUR SKULL
NEXT TIME,
BUDDY!

AT LEAST WHEN I
LEAVE A PART OF MYSELF
IN A MAGIC ARTIFACT, I GO
THROUGH THE TROUBLE OF
GETTING IT BACK
OUT AGAIN.

I WAS A
LITTLE BUSY TRYIN' TO
CONQUER THE WORLD WITH
IT, REMEMBER?

IF ROWAN'S DONE THANKING
YEAGAR, CAN I GET SOME HELP DIGGING OUR
MENCHMEN OUT OF THE BONE-PILE?

MANY HOURS, ROCKS, AND BONES LATER...


OKAY, I
THINK I'VE MORE
THAN PAID OFF
MY BILL FROM
THE INN.

THERE! I
THINK I WAS ABLE TO
GET ALL YOUR PARTS PUT
BACK TOGETHER YOU AND
NITWICK WERE PRETTY
JUMBLED UP IN THERE.


DID WE
MISS ANY MUSICAL
NUMBERS?

HEY, NODWICK?
C'MERE FOR A SECOND.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING
TO SAY TO YOU.

DID YOU FIND
SOMETHING YOU
WANTED TAKEN
HOME?




YEAH, BUT SHE'D PROBABLY
RATHER ~~WALK~~. AND I DON'T THINK THAT'S
WHAT SHE WANTS. BUT ANYWAY...



I JUST WANTED TO SAY, YOU SAVED
OUR LIVES IN THERE. I KNOW I WAS HARD ON YOU
BECAUSE I WAS ~~EMBARRASSED~~ THAT YOU FOUND OUT
ABOUT ME AND ROWEN AND HER NOT LIKING ME
MUCH AND ALL... AND, WELL...

I'M SORRY.


I I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO SAY.



AND NITWICK, I APOLOGIZE TO YOU,
TOO. I HIRED YOU TO HELP TORMENT NODWICK HERE, SO I'M
RELEASING YOU FROM YOUR CONTRACT WITH US.

SAY, IF YOU REALLY
WANTED TO MAKE IT UP TO
ME, MY CONTRACT--

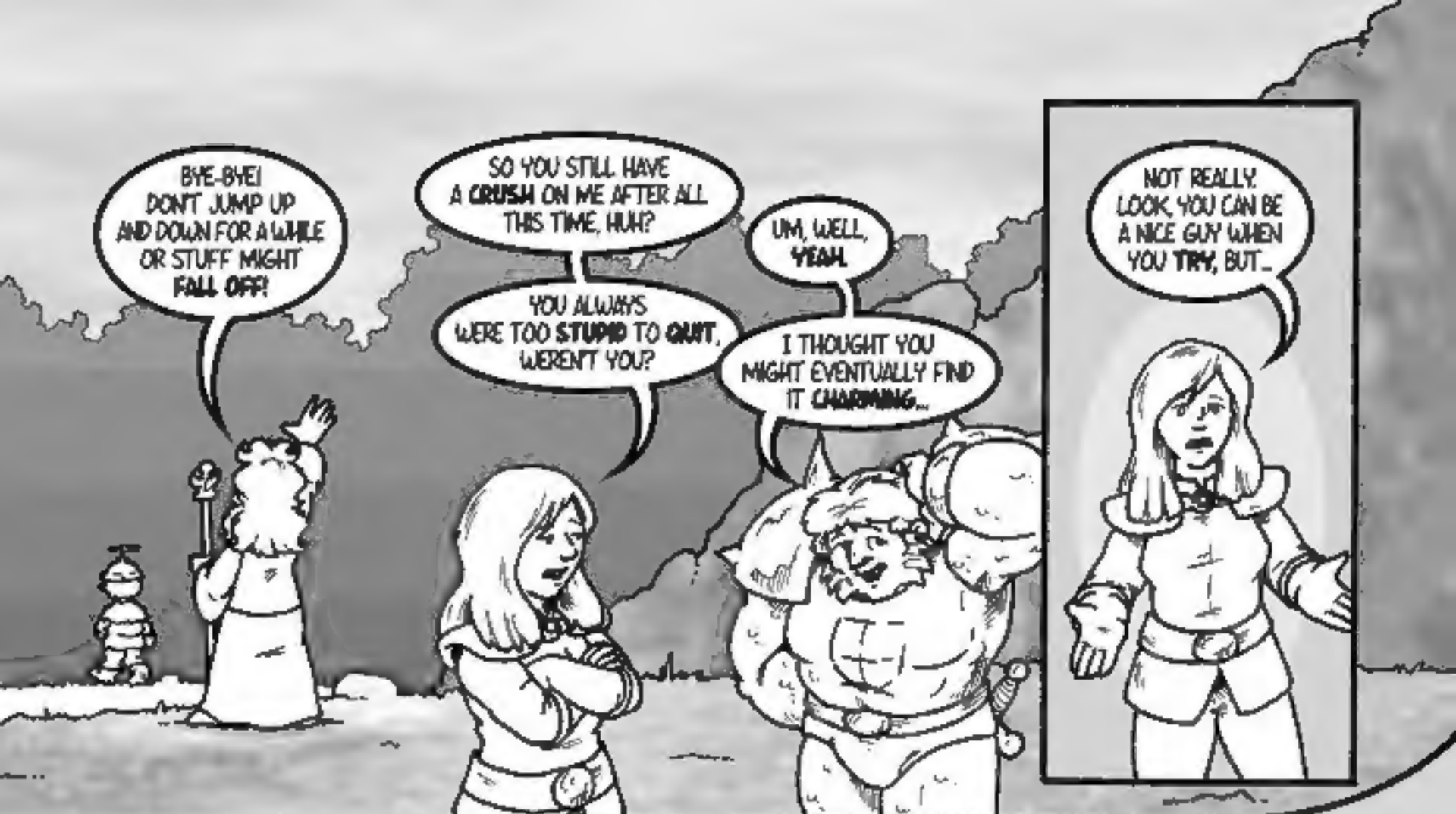
DREAM ON.



THANK THE GODS,
BECAUSE I'VE HAD IT!

I'VE WAS ABLE TO COAST BY
WITH THIS HENCHMAN GIG FOR YEARS, BUT
YOU PEOPLE ARE ~~WALKING~~ HEALTH HAZARDS!
I'M GOING TO FIND SOME OTHER JOB
WHERE I CAN PRETEND TO WORK AND
NOT GET KILLED!

I'LL CATCH
YOU ALL ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF NEVER!



BYE-BYE!
DONT JUMP UP
AND DOWN FOR A WHILE
OR STUFF MIGHT
FALL OFF!

SO YOU STILL HAVE
A CRUSH ON ME AFTER ALL
THIS TIME, HUH?

UM, WELL,
YEAH.

YOU ALWAYS
WERE TOO STUPID TO QUIT,
WERENT YOU?

I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT EVENTUALLY FIND
IT CHARMING...

NOT REALLY.
LOOK, YOU CAN BE
A NICE GUY WHEN
YOU TRY, BUT...



SIGH.



LOOK, I WAS ON MY WAY TO A
MERCENARY GIG THREE LEAGUES FROM HERE. WHEN
I'M DONE, WE CAN GET TOGETHER AND TALK
ABOUT OLD TIMES.

REALLY?

YEAH, I'M NOT PROMISING
ANYTHING, BUT PEOPLE CHANGE. YOU
MIGHT HAVE, I MIGHT HAVE...



AND YOUR PECS
CERTAINLY HAVE



ZING!

SO, ANY
VOLUNTEERS
TO ESCORT A FAIR
MAIDEN BACK TO
CIVILIZATION?

YOU BET!
NODWICK, GRAB
THE LOOT AND
LET'S HEAD
HOME!

WHAT
LOOT?

JUST PICK
SOMETHING.
IT'LL MAKE
HIM HAPPY.

SAY, THE
WIND BLOWING
THROUGH THE
TREES SOUNDS
LIKE...

UH-OH

Every time we go out,
We squish you, we kill you,
But each time we make you go on.*

Dungeon hall or castle,
Dying's not a hassle,
To take the loot, you must go on.

Sword, fire, whatever is dire,
We make sure that the hench will go on.
His head's gone? We'll tape it back on
We'll rebuild our henchman,
And our hench goes on and on!

Most men die just one time,
But henchmen last a lifetime,
If you're smart you hire just one.

Loyal as a pup to
The ones who abuse you
Even when you just can't go on.

Orcs, traps, digestion perhaps,
I know that our hench will go on
Don't fear, I found his left ear!
We'll rebuild our henchman,
And our hench goes on and on!

What's that? Our hench just went splat?
But our henchman, he must carry on!
Guts and skin! We'll shove 'em back in!
We've rebuilt our henchman,
And our hench goes on and on!



NHICEE SONGGG.

SHUT UP!
IF YOU HADN'T WANDERED
OFF IN THE FIRST PLACE,
WE WOULDN'T BE STUCK
DOWN HERE!

WHAT SAY
WE DIG OURSELVES OUT
OF THIS HOLE, THEN
WE CAN KILL EACH
OTHER, OKAY?

*SUNG TO THE TUNE "MY HEART WILL GO ON" BY CELENE DION.

The End



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kickasstorrents

